

The Irondale Historical

May 2008

Irondale Historical

Committee

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Welcome to the first edition of the Irondale Historical Committee's newsletter. This is where you will find snippets of history, "Who is it" photos, exciting finds and FAQs (frequently asked questions). We trust you will enjoy.

The **Irondale Historical Committee** is in the process of writing a book on the history of Irondale, now considered a ghost town but was once the site of a large iron-mining operation and the focus of various roads and railroads. The Committee wants the whole story of this community to be recorded in print before the information is lost.

Anyone with a tale to tell is asked to contact the Committee. Photographs of any and all sorts are most welcome. They will be scanned and safely returned within days.

Whose uncle really DID build that store, mill, or barn? And where did those families come from? When did they arrive? Why did they come here, anyway? What do you know about some of the buildings that are now standing? And what about buildings that are no longer standing? To what extent was Irondale involved in the logging industry? Were there farms around here? If so, what did they grow, and where did they sell the crops?

So — what DID people really do in the winter? Know any good jokes from the old days? Know any good gossip (at least, of the printable variety)? Know any good recipes from your grandmother's time — mustard plasters, poultices, tinctures? What were they used for? What was schooling like in those days? What were the teachers' names? And what kinds of services were available? What were some of the other kinds of occupations people had? What do you know about churches? What languages did the first settlers speak? What do you know about the native people? Got any old letters or diaries from the old days (yes, they too will be handled with care, scanned and properly returned within days)?

The committee would love to hear from you.

Write your thoughts down and email or post them to us. Interviews can be arranged that way you reminisce and we write.

Look forward to hearing from you,

Community Open House

Sunday May 18, 2008

1pm – 4pm

Irondale Community Centre

Want your name in the book — Share
your memories & photos with us.

Browse our displays.

Converse with neighbours.

Do you have your *Family tree*?

Genealogical information is very much needed — who was married to whom, & what was the names of the children, the grandparents, the aunts, uncles and cousins? Be sure that your family is adequately represented in the book.



Your notes can be typed or legibly scribbled on a napkin. Only have the basics? Send it in. We won't 'do' your family tree but if time allows, we will do a little digging of our own to further supplement your notes. Need help? Call Carol or Marg — numbers on the front pg.

FAQs (frequently asked questions)

Q1: Is anybody making money from this book?

A: The committee are all volunteers. Each bringing something special to the table.

Q2: What kind of things are you looking for? What can I lend you?

A: Letters, photos, books, family histories, and maps. You may have old tools or heirlooms you'd like to share with us. We will scan or photograph them, get a note or two about them from you and return it to you.

Q3: What time period will the book cover?

A: From approximately 1860 through to the present day.

Q4: Does the committee need any more help? Could it use my assistance?

A: Most certainly the committee would love to have your input and hands on assistance. We will work with your interest — be it interviewing people, transcribing notes, photography or digging through archives & libraries for nuggets of interesting facts.

Ye Olde Privy

by Addie V. Allen

I sat and looked the landscape o'er
Which stretched beyond my Privy door —
The lovely meadow, soft and green
That reached towards the woods between
My garden and the village.

The Lilly's-of-the-valley grow
In rich profusion, and bestow
There subtle perfume on the air
Above the other fragrance there.

No prying eyes could me discern,
Unless, perchance, some lowly worm
Or robins hopping cheerily
While peeping in to peek at me.

I've sat in bathrooms large and small
With nought to look at but the wall -
Unless a cockroach, scurrying there
And eyeing me with baleful stare.

And yet, while sitting there is state,
I prayed that Spring would not be late,
That I might find myself once more
Ensconced behind the Privy door!

Do you have any privy or outhouse stories to share? Played any tricks in your youth? We would love to hear them. Give us a call.

